

# Unruh Defies Adjournment Order in Showdown

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR  
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO—The California legislature, which is supposed to enact understandable and workable laws for the people of California, now finds itself in one of the biggest legal tangles it ever has faced, in all of the state's complicated legal history.

This comes about as a result of adoption in 1966 of Proposition 1A by the people of the state, which in a rather unobtrusive sentence gave the governor the power, in the event of a dis-

pute or disagreement on the part of the senate and the assembly, to himself adjourn the legislature.

The section says "He (the governor) may adjourn the legislature if the senate and assembly disagree as to adjournment." It says nothing about adjourning sine die, nor does it specify the condition of a disagreement that would give the governor the authority to exercise this power.

Thus the events of the past few days found the legislature in the unprecedented situation of the senate

resolving to go home until Sept. 9, when it would return for the five-day veto session, and the assembly insisting on remaining in session until it had cleaned up its work.

So the big question when the assembly convened Monday morning without a quorum was whether or not it was in legal session.

The legislative counsel was called into the fray and after several pages of legal dissertation, said it was his opinion "the courts would reconcile the provisions of the constitution by interpret-

ing the word "adjournment" broadly to mean to bring about the end of a session."

"We think the courts," the opinion said, "would necessarily conclude that the governor, assuming disagreement is shown, can precipitate the end of a regular session by recessing the legislature for 30 days and reassembling it on the following Monday for not to exceed five days."

All of which means that the action of Acting Governor Hugh M. Burns, who is also president pro tem-

pore of the senate, in the opinion of the legislative counsel, acted legally, if there was disagreement which still is a matter on which the technicalities need ironing out, when he adjourned the legislature at 5 p.m. Saturday until Sept. 9, when the solons are to return for the five-day veto session.

However, Speaker Jesse M. Unruh of the assembly contends there is no disagreement and thereby may hang the story of another lengthy legal battle to determine the legality of the Monday assembly session,

which involves the per diem of \$25 per day for the assemblymen who finally showed up to make a quorum.

One assemblyman, asked if he expected to be paid his expenses for that day, replied, "Well, I might get it in about two years when the state supreme court gets done untangling this mess."

However, the matter of per diem, although it involves quite a chunk of the taxpayers' money, isn't the only legal matter involved. Effective date of bills passed during the entire session could become an issue as

to when and whether they are effective.

The whole fiasco can't be blamed originally on a party squabble, but it might be called a show-down squabble between the senate and assembly, which reached proportions of major import. Senators made it plain in voting to adjourn, that they resented "blackmailing" by the assembly, which they claimed was done in attempting to force continuation of the session after its work either was completed or was impossible to complete.

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

## -Comment and Opinion-

TORRANCE, CALIF., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1968

### New Threat to Rights

If organized labor has its way, some 12 million Americans will be deprived of a fundamental right—and the stability of government operations will be impaired.

These twin dangers arise from a drive to create a coast-to-coast union shop for the nation's public employes, opening the door to compulsory unionism. Behind the threat is a reported recommendation by the Presidential Review Committee, which would scrap the right of federal workers to reject affiliation with or participation in a union.

How would it be accomplished? By the simple device of deleting from President Kennedy's 1962 Executive Order No. 10988, the last six words of the following key passage, which guarantees that federal employes shall have "the right . . . to form, join and assist any employee organization or to refrain from such activity."

Another President established the ground rules for this freedom 60 years earlier. In 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt declared:

"No person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization. . . ."

Should compulsory federal unionism come to pass, with its obvious influence on state and local government employes, it could also signal a step-

up in public-service strife—with all the public inconvenience that such conflict implies.

To anticipate this problem, some 40 Congressmen and Senators have joined the Freedom of Choice Act of 1968. The in co-sponsoring the Federal Employment Act that Congress is scheduled to reconvene after the nominating conventions offers some hope that such a measure might be considered in this session. But in the absence of immediate legislation, we believe it is important that the public should be made aware of the gravity of the matter, so that it can give voice to its concern.

### The Road to Hell

The road to Hell this year won't be lined with litter. It will be bordered with the rosy glow of petunias.

This word has been received by Keep America Beautiful, Inc., the national litter-prevention organization, from Hell, Mich. Judge Mel Reinhard, president of the Chamber of Commerce at Hell, says the quarter-mile strip of Hell will be lined with some 2,500 red petunias. He hopes their beauty will encourage people not to litter.

Judge Reinhard, an ardent litter fighter who designed Hell's famous litterbags with the slogan "Don't throw litter all over Hell," says "things should look rather rosy in Hell this summer."

It'd Help Post Office Efficiency

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Ban on Garlic A Bistro Peril

A statement for our time: "Why do you talk so tough?" I asked a Black Panther. "Because," he replied, "we don't believe in wasting words on rhetoric."

The news from everywhere: In Gary, Indiana, it is against the law to ride on a public conveyance within four hours of eating garlic. In San Francisco, that law would put a padlock on 197 Italian eating places.

A thought for today: If all the people with a telephone and a hang-up would do the latter, the radio talk shows would soon disappear.

Business advice: I believe it is time for Avis to drop its "We Try Harder" slogan for if its people had really been trying harder all these years wouldn't the company now be No. 1?

San Francisco is where a man has to park his \$8,000 car on the street outside his \$100,000 home for lack of a \$20-a-month garage

A definition of falsies: contact bosoms.

Herewith the reason for what the experts call "defensive driving": on the average, every ninth car you pass is driven by a person who is full of booze. That should be restated. If you are really driving defensively, you won't pass it.

Frustration: What you feel when you realize you can't send a telegram to Western Union, asking them to please respond to your phone call.

Impossible to find: The cab driver who doesn't think he can outride anybody else on the street, and who isn't convinced that his dialogue is just a bit more sparkling than Oscar Wilde's.

The culinary arts: Several S.F. restaurants that advertise themselves as "World Famous" would be astonished to learn that they are currently world famous for bad food, worse service, and ridiculous prices.

Pacific Heights is where a person is adjudged "intelligent" or "stupid" purely on the basis of his performance at the bridge table.

Further evidence that truth is stranger than: John Steinbeck though he invented the "Hearing Ear Dog" as an elaborate joke, but Internal Revenue just the other day granted a deduction to a deaf girl who uses one. And if that was HER little joke, good for her.

A quote from Dr. Peter Franken, the U. of Michigan physicist who predicts a major earthquake here in the next decade: "I don't change my travel plans to avoid San Francisco because it is a lively area, and the possibility of an earthquake on my given day is remote. But I wouldn't want to live there because I am raising a family and the risk is too great." I suggest that these noble words be printed on the Chamber of Commerce's letterheads, and on every Convention & Visitors Bureau poster. Come, spend, go.

A noted surgeon, discussing the shortage of "qualified" donors for heart and kidney transplants, confides that he keeps close tabs on what he calls "the Honda wards, where the injuries tend to be serious and the patients young." He's referring, of course, to those injured in motorcycle accidents (I agree it's unfair to single out Honda), and let this be a warning. Jockeys wear your helmet!

Funny old town: In police parlance, an officer who hands out a heavy quota of parking tags is known as a "hard-hitter," and such a one, apparently, is Lydia the Meter Maid, who works the Union-Chestnut-Marina beat with zeal and vigor. So much so, in fact, that merchants in that area hand out printed flyers, warning their customers to beware of Lydia, the Windshield-Tattooing Lady.

Bay City beagle: The Park-Rec Commission met recently to okay or nokay the Hashbury Medical Clinic's proposed pop festival at the Palace of Fine Arts on the Labor Day weekend—and the Marina Civic Improvement Assoc. is again gridding (the ladies, anyway) to fight this right down to the bitter. Keep the Palace of Fine Arts Sterile! . . . Slice of S.F. Life: Around 4 p.m. Friday, Police Capt. Les Dolan glanced out his window at the Hall of Justice, saw three flashy Cadillacs double-parked, and sent three officers out to tag 'em. The gents in the Cads were waiting for their street-walking lady friends to get out on bail. (Capt. Dolan, meet Lydia!)



WILLIAM HOGAN

## Study of George Wallace 'No Campaign Biography'

California's Governor Ronald Reagan, about to embark on a speaking tour through the Deep South, had some nice things to say about former Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Governor Reagan, for instance, felt that Wallace "has been speaking a lot of things the people of America are in agreement with . . . law and order, patriotism and so forth, and these are very attractive subjects."

Governor Reagan might not have seen the recent national magazine series by Marshall Frady which emphasized Wallace's role as the grim joker in this year's political deck who may just pitch the election of a new President into the House of Representatives, thus placing Wallace in a position of arbitrating who the President will be and what some

important domestic politics will be. Marshall Frady's book-length portrait and analysis of the man, "Wallace," just about to appear from World (\$5.95) should give Governor Reagan pause.

A Georgia-born journalist (Newsweek) who spent several months in Montgomery doing research for a "journalistic novel" based on Wallace, Frady apparently found the Wallace story more bizarre than fiction. Wallace is at least another Willie Stark, the Southern demagogue of Robert Penn Warren's novel "All the King's Men." He is pictured as a classic of the species, a cunning, winning Dogpatch phenomenon who sprang from nowhere (Clio, Ala., "an eminently violent country") to become a vital national force at a time in the country's history which simply can't stand for it.

Frady's book is anything but a campaign biography. It is a literate, anecdotal, ironic, skillfully researched profile of what the author sees as "the ultimate product of the democratic system." Frady lets Wallace speak for himself, in formal addresses, off-the-cuff remarks and casual conversation. The result is both frightening and fascinating as we observe Wallace's "totalitarian society" in Alabama, a psychological, ideological monolith more insular and intransigent than even Mississippi, "the final foxhole of the South."

According to this appraisal, Wallace apparently has combined the political theor-

FROM THE MAILBOX

## Writer Supports City's Plan for Regional Park

Editor, Press-Herald:

I wish to express my full support for the action which was taken by the Torrance City Council in its recent decision about Columbia Park. I think the majority of the Councilmen have the vision to look into the very near future when our population density will make more parkland not only desirable but a vital necessity. Torrance has the opportunity to acquire the land now with a minimum of problems. In the future land might only be available as a result of

displacing people, clearing land, etc. Good planning indicates action now rather than "too late."

The availability of funds from sources other than local property taxes makes this park acquisition a particularly desirable one for the Torrance taxpayers. We can participate in the benefits of the State Recreation Bond money and the Open-space funds which we support through our income taxes.

I believe in future years Torrance will be proud of its

park and the foresight which made it possible.

MRS. F. A. SCHMIDT  
Torrance

## Quote

A little boy was late for school and the teacher asked him what caused the delay. He looked solemnly into her eyes and answered: "I was following a slow dog."—George C. Keyes in the Oklahoma County News.

## A Letter . . . To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

People who say, "You don't need to know a foreign language when you're traveling in Europe because everybody speaks English" are full of hot air. They probably either (a) had a tour guide to do all their talking for them or (b) never got off the beaten track of standard tourist attractions.

In Germany, I found my college German very useful even after a 10-year lapse, but in France, I was fairly lost without your mother who teaches the subject.

Once, I tried to make a long distance phone call from Nice to Tours, and like

the local French, had to go to the phone office. The long distance operator didn't speak English, and I had to scurry around the office to find some of the patrons who did.

Because the call was delayed about an hour and a half, and most other calls went through faster than mine, I constantly made the rounds, asking, "Do you find some of the patrons speak English?" Since much of the conversation was in sign language, many people acted as if I were crazy. (I never did get the call completed).

I tried to get the schedule

for a trip to the city of Tours from a clerk whose English was only fair:

"I want to go to Tours," I said.

"Very good, sir, but vere do you vant to tour?" he replied.

"No, no, I want to go to the city of Tours."

"Yes, but vot city do you vant to Tour?"

"No, no, no, no . . ."

My trip to Tours unfortunately was timed for July 31, eve of the French summer holiday, when millions of French leave en masse for their favorite vacation spot.

I was completely unaware of this custom and arrived

at the rail station to find what seemed like thousands of people pushing and shoving like a bunch of live sardines in a can.

I didn't know where to get my ticket, what track my train left on, nor where to get something to eat, since I hadn't. Using my bag as a battering ram, I managed to make my way through the crowd and by hollering a lot, find somebody who could tell me where to go. A sympathetic Swede helped get me on the train, and I ate candy bars all the way to Tours.

Yours for understanding,  
YOUR DAD

Press-Herald

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